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FINAL  
NUMBER

VOL. LV

JUNE, 1936

No. 6

H. O. DEERMAN '33

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# The Register

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VOL. LV.

JUNE

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1936

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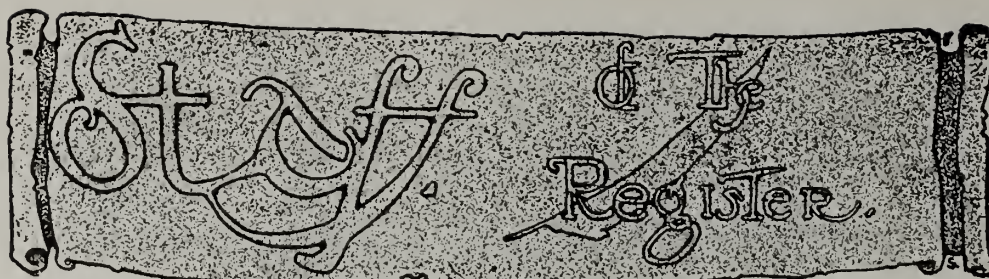
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## THE MENACE OF PROPAGANDA

We have been hearing a great deal recently of the great menace to the future security of our form of government, occasioned by the propaganda-spreading activities of organizations which are hostile to our democratic institutions or our capitalistic system of economics. The Communist on the one hand and the Fascist on the other have found success in Europe largely because of their excellent system of propagating their doctrines among the

poorly educated populace. Their American associates, it is said, have begun a vigorous program to be conducted along the same lines, in an attempt to induce the American citizen to look with favor upon their efforts.

On the other side of the picture, we behold a number of portly American newspaper-owners taking it upon themselves to counteract the work of the propagandists by means of startling feature articles and blatant editorials. There is some question as to whether the utterances of the propagandists or the counter-propagandists, of the agitators or the editors, are the more ridiculous; one point, however, is perfectly clear: both of them are firmly convinced that the average American citizen is a fool. Fortunately, neither is entirely correct. The Communistic agitator and his companions-in-arms of all sizes, shapes, and varieties win a few enthusiastic supporters from among the ranks of the "great unwashed". The editor who so violently blusters about the "menace to American ideals," employing the customary stirring language, is rewarded with an occasional "Tsk, tsk" from a number of his more impressionable readers, who then turn to the sports or comic page, and are, in a few moments, entirely oblivious of the dangers of which they have so recently read. Much is said; little is done. Fortunately, a hundred and fifty years of freedom of speech and of the press have developed an extremely sceptical public.

If propagandist activities do constitute a threat to our ideals of government (and many very eminent men insist that they do), the corrective lies not in blustering editorials or ill-considered legislative enactments, but in a quiet and efficient system of adult education among the laboring classes, who are particularly susceptible to this sort of thing, as well as in the continued development of our great public school system. The man or woman who has been taught to think will not be led astray by the frenzied agitator, who invariably has an axe to grind. Adversity will not make a radical of a man who realizes that the only remedy for economic ills lies in a carefully-planned, constructive program rather than the certain ruin which results from anarchy or dictatorship.

A mere glance at the pages of history shows us that the human race has been contending with the same basic problems as far back as recorded history extends. Different peoples have adopted various methods of coping with their difficulties, but none has been fully successful. A few years ago, America was certain that it had ended depressions once and for all; conditions of the past few years make us wonder if it is not possible that we have abolished prosperity for good. A few years ago, an editorial writer in this journal announced to his readers that war had been outlawed; recent events seem to indicate that this is far from the truth. Depressions, wars, and disorders of various sorts will doubtless continue to furnish subject-matter for our breakfast-table newspaper for some time to come. They are, unfortunately, in the natural order of things.

They form the problems with which the electorate of a democratic state must contend; they will be intelligently met by intelligent, conscientious, rational persons, who will be moved not a whit by the barrage of propaganda aimed at the ignorant. The best safeguard against the menace



of propaganda is our system of adequate education for everyone, whether it be in the fast-disappearing one-room rural schoolhouses or the fast-developing universities, which bid fair eventually to place this country foremost among the educational and cultural centers of the world.

*J. Harry Lynch, '36.*

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### HARVARD'S LATIN PLAY

A 2000-year-old Roman comedy, the "Mostellaria" of Plautus, was resurrected recently by the Harvard Classical Club as a feature of the tercentenary celebration of the college. The actors were, for the most part, undergraduates; but some excellent work was done, and the play was presented exactly as it must have been produced at the time of Caesar.

To begin with, the stage was divided into three parts by columns across the front. There were no footlights or curtain, and one set served for all five acts. The dialogue was in Latin, and even the musical accompaniment, written after long research by Elliot Carter, was supposed to be of the sort heard 2000 years ago.

Probably the feature in which the production differed most radically from the modern drama was in the use of masks, all highly stylized, to represent the various types of characters. There was one sort of mask for the clown, another for the slave, a third for the irate father, a fourth for the courtesan, and so forth. There were forty-two different characters in the classical mask wardrobe. The most remarkable thing about them was the fact that after about ten minutes they lost all the unusualness which we might attribute to them and came to be accepted by the audience as the real faces of the actors. Though only one mask was allotted to a player, they were so skillfully made that they seemed to express different emotions in different positions and with different gestures.

In regard to the gestures, they were so beautifully done, especially in the case of Tranio and Theopropides, that the entire plot was obvious to everyone, whether or not he knew any Latin. There is some real talent in that group.

The plot itself, concerned with the antics of a slave who tries to hide the man-about-township of his young master from the eyes of his suddenly returned father, is mainly an excuse for slapstick—but such eloquently ridiculous slapstick that it had the entire audience roaring. There is still plenty of life in the classics.

The "Mostellaria" was the sixth production of the Classical Club in fifty years. Since 1881 they have presented, among others, the Oedipus of Sophocles, the Phormio of Terence, and the Agamemnon of Aeschylus. The last was performed in the Stadium, on a distinctly spectacular basis, with properties which included six chariots and a dozen genuine Spartan horses. No date has been set for the next production.



## TABU

He topped the crest of the hill and stood there, the setting sun outlining his gaunt, muscular body, the breeze that murmured up from the valley quivering his nostrils with fresh new scents. The high-flying scavenger birds called raucously, welcoming him from their rocky eyrie. The timid jackals moved restlessly in the darkening bush.

Far behind his silent companion, the great carnivore, rose slowly over the foothills. The man realized the presence of the saber-tooth, but his weary mind cared not. He had been dogged for five days of frenzied flight with that limping, striped creature of hell ever on his track—and in his brutish mind the only dulled thoughts remaining were those of shelter and fire.

Fire—that was it! He almost resented the presence of such a thing in the world. He mumbled to himself, leaning wearily against a rock, querulously muttering to himself the story of his wrongs. Only six days ago . . . six suns ago . . . he had light and warmth in his tiny cave . . . but his fire had flickered out while he lay in a drunken stupor beside it. So he had slain the Holy Priest who kept the Sacred Flame, and stolen one brand. Could he else? But now he wandered, an outcast, a man who had slain and stolen Fire, a man who had broken the greatest Tabu. If only he had the magic stones that the Priest used! . . .

His tribe would regret it, he knew. He was their greatest hunter. With a flaming brand, he had wounded the paw of the strange cat animal that had raided their camp. That brought him out of his musings with a start—the same beast, lame and starving, with the fire-wound festering in his

paw, followed him. He shuddered and passed quickly into the swift falling primeval twilight of the valley.

The night fell swiftly. Strange things slunk and murmured in the forest. The man crept on silently. He paused for an instant under the dark bulk of a tree and gazed ahead at the looming cliffs that flanked the other side of the valley. Suddenly a tiny point of light flickered halfway up the huge mass of rock. The man's heart leaped. Somewhere on that canyon wall were men, and whether friends or foes, he cared not. All men were foes now, and he feared no man; only . . . Behind him he heard a crashing in the bush. The tiger, certain of his prey, was making no attempt at silence. The man grinned wolfishly. By hiding in any tree, he could stop the clumsy attempts of the maimed beast to reach him. But he wanted now fire and comfort and certain safety.

He soon reached the base of the cliff's and began to climb. He found he would have to climb to the top and then down to the ledge where the fire shone. He ascended cautiously. It was black night now. He reached to the crest, and then the path that led to the ledge. He crept down cautiously, his axe held down in one hairy paw, inching forward step by step.

Above him he heard a sudden stone dislodged. He became tense, relaxed, and grinned again. The tiger had had one taste of fire, he would not chance another. He hoped the man on the ledge had not heard.

For there was only one man on the ledge—a fair-haired stranger from the West, that never felt the grunted impact of the heavy axe that swept him limply off the ledge to the jagged rocks a thousand feet below.

The man settled himself comfortably by the stolen fire, rocking back and forth on his heels in the blaze. The Tabu seemed far away—a thing of the dim yesterday. He had killed again . . . Slowly he relaxed, and he dozed, hunched over the flickering flame. The necessity for sleep had overcome the law of watchfulness.

Above him, halfway down the path, the tiger crouched, his eyes gleaming fitfully in the fire. Old was the tiger, old and feared from the purple mountains to the great grey sea. In his feline brain lurked all the satanic wisdom and infinite patience of the cat tribe. His sides were scarred with wounds, and his limp paw dragged from his hindquarters. And now he lay and blinked just out of the tiny circle of fire. Last of his race was he, dying scion of a haughty race that had ruled the world for a century of time, and he gazed at the two things that had toppled his kingdom—Man and Fire. The raging hate and icy fear

that had raged a battle in his brain gave place at last to purpose. He crawled on his belly down the path, his tail lashing his sides. He felt contemptuous now—even of Fire.

The man never woke, even when the great thing launched itself at him out of the darkness or when the down-crushing blow of one steeled claw flailed through the air. Nor did any but the night-birds hear the tiger's scream as his burned foot landed square in the fire. Halfway across the shelf to the very edge twisted the beast, clawing frantically for hold. With another scream he fell over the edge—plunging, twisting, turning.

The sun rose slowly, outlining the nests of the scavenger birds with shafts of sunlight. It rested on the flaming cliffs and on the ledge, and brought out in stark relief the hunched, hairy, atterred thing that still rested there. From the center of the ledge one red coal still gleamed mockingly in the face of the sun.

*D. P. Kenefick, '39*

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### THE DEEP END

The little boy with the swollen nose sniffed as best he could. Steak? The seven year old resumed his first position. He stared into the gathering gloom — his forehead pressed against the window pane. Cautiously he fingered his temporarily disabled smelling apparatus (his adversary had been the recipient of a discolored orb). Mum had kept him in all day. Dad would be home soon, she said. Having sniffed again, he quit his vigil and shuffled toward the kitchen as hungry youngsters are wont to shuffle.

\* \* \* \*

The bark, her straining canvas bil-

lowing on the steel yards, drove on toward the island that is England. The prow went cleaving the dark waters; the wind went driving the stubborn sails; the sound went rousing the watch below. Eight bells! The opiate sleep had fled leaving a band of burly, disgruntled men who jostled each other as they mounted to the deck. With fiendish glee and rude suggestions, the relieved watch greeted their bleary-eyed mates, whose only solace was the anticipation of reciprocating four hours hence.

Overhead the sky was robed in a soot-black mantle interspersed with inquisitive, winking stars, that have

seen so much that they are horror-struck, and mute for all eternity.

Morse was a sailor. He was thirty-one. He wasn't drowsy. He couldn't sleep. He had been thinking—thinking more this one day than in his whole life. Morse had tried to stop thinking, but he could not. Leaning on the taffrail, he despaired—abandoned himself to his lone thoughts.

Nellie was a good wife, but she was jealous of his other love, she called it, the sea. This was his last passage. The terrible finality of the word "last". Morse had thought only death could definitely end a thing. She was terribly ambitious — had a job as a clerk in a bank for him. A squinting, hunch-backed, pasty-faced clerk! Morse recalled Harry King. He was a callow A.B. when Harry went ashore for good. They said Harry was vending pencils in Liverpool. Nellie was wrong. How could he love a thing like the sea that crushed men and their hopes. His was an unquiet spirit that was nourished by roving. Morse had seen many things; there were many things yet to see. Morse had done many things; there were many things yet to do. Morse had gone many places; there were many places yet to go. How like a ship he

was! A ship swings at her anchorage, and tugs at her hawser. For him, the ties of love for Nellie and the little fellow would soon change to bonds and chafe.

Thinking was foolish. A clerk's monotonous life would kill him. Why not now? . . . Too much thinking! Harry had been his idol. There were so many ports he had never, no, — would never touch. Why not now? Poor Harry! Why not now?

Morse drew himself erect, looked up at the airy blackness, down at the liquid blackness. Morse climbed the rail, flexed his muscles, muttered a prayer.

Had the helmsman been alert and not dozing, he would have descried the plunging figure, and raised the cry, "Man overboard!"

Overhead the sky was robed in a soot-black mantel interspersed with inquisitive, winking stars, that have seen so much that they are horror-struck, mute for all eternity.

\* \* \* \*

Just at the brink of the watery horizon, previously an indistinguishable line separating sea from air, the helmsman glimpsed a ray—one beam of yellow light—the dawn. Soon they would all be home, decided the tar.

*E. V. McAuliffe, 36.*

---

A customer entered the shop of a cockney bookseller and requested a copy of "Omar Khayyam".

"Sorry, sir," replied the shopkeeper, "We 'ave 'is Hilliad and 'is Hodysey, but we 'aven't 'is Khayyam."

### Alas—Too True

What's all the hurry?

I just bought a text-book and I'm trying to get to class before the next edition comes out.



THE TRIAL OF CLASSROOM  
ENEMY NO. 1

Clerk: Hear ye, hear ye. This court is now in session. Pupils versus John Joseph Julius Jaspar Jones.

Judge: Are the two attorneys ready?

Attorneys: We are, your honor.

Judge: Very well, then. Call the first witness, Mr. Clerk.

Clerk: Jabez Johnson! Jabez Johnson! Do you swear?

Jabez J.: I do.

Prosecuting Attorney: Mr. Johnson, please tell the court what you know about the case.

Jabez J.: Well, sir, I sit on the right side of the defendant in the daily English periods. The other day, I was called upon to recite and, when asked at the foot of what statue Julius Caesar had fallen, was at a loss what to answer. Mr. Jones whispered "Venus de Milo" and caused me to lose some points in English that month because I had implicit faith in him.

P. A.: Thank you, Mr. Johnson. Have you any questions, Mr. Attorney for the Defence?

A. D.: No. I'll recall the witness.

Judge: Call the next witness.

Clerk: Ebenezer Rezenbebe! Ebenezer Rezenbebe! Do you swear?

Eb. R.: On and off.

P. A.: Will you please tell the court your relation to this case?

Eb. R.: Well, I sit beside the defendant in the Latin period and have lost many points because of his back-handed assistance. To cite an example, I was called upon for the word "I don't care" in Latin and was totally unprepared. The defendant whispered "Nutso" to me and I was greeted with shouts of derision when I repeated the word.

P. A.: Thank you. Your witness, Mr. Attorney for the Defence.

A. D.: Mr. Rezenbebe, are you sure that it was the defendant who whispered to you? Are you positive that you would be able to recognize the voice if you heard it again?

Eb. R.: Quite sure.

A. D.: Will you please rise, Mr. Jones, and repeat "Nutso"?

J. J. J.: Oh, nuts!

A. D.: Thank you. Now, Mr. Johnson, are you absolutely sure that the sound waves you heard issued are from the identical vocal chords from which the sound waves you just heard issued?

Mr. Eb. R. (slightly mixed up): Er-uh-that is-I er- . . .

J. J. J. (sotto voice): No!!!

Eb. R. (absent mindedly): No. Hey wait, I didn't mean. . . .

A. D. (hurriedly): Your honor, the witness has just withdrawn his accusation, and I feel that Mr. Jabez Johnson will do the same.

Jabez J. (waking up): Huh?

J. J. J. (sotto voice): Yes!!!

Jabez J.: Oh yes. Oh yes, sir. Hey. I don't mean. . . .

A. D.: Your honor, I move the case be dismissed through lack of evidence.

Judge (waking up also and hearing whisper from Jones): Not guilty.

J. J. J.: Heh. Heh. Heh. Heh. Heh. Heh.

Bedlam — Finis.

And so, fellow sufferers, J. J. Jones is still at large and has added many disciples to his cause. In fact, now there is at least one in every classroom. *O tempora! O mores!*

R. Aronson, '37.



## REGISTERED DIAMOND

A low hum of power, a strong glare of headlights betrayed to a dark September night a long, black touring car snaking its way along the Albany Post Road. Inside, two men rode in stony silence. At last the driver, a heavily set man with a professional air, spoke.

"You received my letter, Baron Leidecer?"

The other nodded haughtily.

(Coldly) "Good. You're interested in making some money, then?"

"Depends."

"All right, I'll come to the point quickly. My name is Miller Alward. I'm head of the adjustment department at C. V. Langley's."

The younger man's eyebrows registered a sardonic "Indeed?" "Langley's" was the name of the city's largest department store.

"I know your social position and I know your need of money." Alward spoke contemptuously. "I'm planning a bit of business that will bring a handsome fortune. I need your social front to put it through. Do you follow me?"

"All right, here's my plan. On December twentieth, the jewelry department at Langley's will buy the famous Benedict diamond. You probably know that the value of this gem is \$900,000. You and I are going to steal it, according to this plan: Tomorrow you will go into Langley's and buy a rust-colored jewel box, one inch by two inches by three inches; pay for it, and have it sent to your hotel. It will come sealed with wax, since all purchases at the jewelry department at Langley's are so safeguarded. When you receive it, put it in a locked box in your clothes closet,

wrapping it well in a piece of dark cloth to make sure that it will not fade. Next week some time, I will go down to our shipping-room and remove the record of that shipment from the files, and file away a dummy card to keep the continuity of the file numbers intact. Next January, after Langley's has bought the Benedict, you will come in and buy it, this time charging it to your account and requesting that it be put in a rust-colored jewel box, one inch by two inches by three inches; and sent to your hotel. At exactly four o'clock the next day you will call up the clerk at the parcel-room of your hotel and request that he send up the package to you. It will positively come wrapped in the same stock box, paper, and twine as the dummy box you bought in September; so when you go to answer the door, you will have the duplicate, empty box in the pocket of your lounging robe. He will give you the parcel containing the diamond, which you will slip into your pocket; and, holding the other one in your hand, you will enter the room, break the sealing-wax and open before a group of guests whom you will have contrived to have present to celebrate an engagement, the purchase of the Benedict — any pretext. There must be witnesses. Finding it empty, you will evince some consternation and immediately call up the store. The operator will turn your complaint over to the adjustment department; so I will answer the phone. Hearing your complaint, which will also be a sign to me that all is well, I will suggest that you come over to the store immediately. You will agree to this and leave the hotel at once, coming down to the lobby in one of the self-

operating elevators. Stop the elevator between floors, take out the parcel which contains the diamond, paste over your name and address a gummed label which I will give to you, bearing the address of an excellent 'fence', a crafty, cautious fellow who is absolutely safe. On your way downtown you will mail the parcel and then come to the store. You have the diamond in your possession no more than ten minutes; the plan is perfect and sure of success. It is so simple, so easily executed it cannot fail.

"I will communicate with you again on the night of January third the day before you are to purchase the jewel, to arrange the final details, and again after the diamond is broken up and sold."

\* \* \* \*

A knock sounded at the door of Room 714 at the Herald Square Hotel at four o'clock on the afternoon of January fifth.

"The parcel you called for, Baron Leidecer."

Baron Leidecer stood at the doorway for a brief moment, then passed through the ante-chamber into the room where were gathered his guests.

"Marthe's engagement gift," he announced brightly, and paused dramatically a bit before he opened it.

"Open it quickly, Franz, old man; the papers have us all on edge over your buying the Benedict," one of the men put in.

Baron Leidecer studiously snipped the twine, broke the wax seal, pulled off the manila paper and drew forth the jewel box. He opened it; the box was empty. Consternation followed quizzical amusement, and Langley's was quickly called.

"Excuse me, all. I've got to go over

to that stupid store. Lord, how upset I am!"

The elevator bearing Baron Leidecer was somewhat slow in its descent. He left the hotel and strode briskly up the avenue, visibly perturbed and anxious. He soon came to the uptown post office, entered, and approached a clerk with his parcel. The clerk took it, noted the wax seal on it, and asked:

"Anything valuable in it?"

"Ye-e-es."

"Better register it, then. Only fifteen more cents."

"All right."

\* \* \* \*

The morning of January seventh found a large body of people in the chambers of Baron Leidecer, interrogating and searching. Most of them were police detectives. Mr. Alward, the efficient adjustment head of the Langley Company, was speaking:

"Well, Baron Leidecer, Langley's has been combed from cellar to roof. We've burned tons and tons of rubbish that had been in the store since the time the diamond was lost, sifted the ashes, but no trace. We've scoured the store. It is not, positively not, at Langley's, and it has been proven it is not here. Where, in Heaven's name, is the Benedict diamond?"

As if in answer, a knock was heard at the door. One of the detectives went to open it.

"A registered parcel being returned to Baron Leidecer. The addressee refused to sign for it!" explained a page.

A look of amazement spread over the features of the detective who received the package, to give way to an expression of steely hardness.

"To Kessler, the fence, eh? He's

shrewd as ever, refusing to sign for it. Realized that a signature would implicate him."

He threw the parcel on the table.

Two men in the room stared down at it in wild-eyed terror. For the box was a Langley box, and in it was the Benedict diamond.

*W. X. Jean, '37.*

## MICHAEL ANGELO

### A Fragment

The Master:

You are young,

And it is that youth which wildly speaks,

And jubilizes in the face of Death.

I would warn you: hate this worldly lust,

But, I am old, and words I find are weak

To change the passions or dull the foolish eye

Of him who finds a wanton kiss more sweet

Than meditation or a hermit's cell.

So you do love this maid and wish to leave

The service of your master in his age?

O, Gian, think, I lose thee, man and soul;

Irreparable loss to age would be your act.

O, Gian, pause, forsake this idle dream,

This fantasy beclouding thy true self,  
And look upon me, son and pupil mine.

Gian:

This parting (why, the word is bitter now)

I pictured to myself accomplished soon,

And you and I recalling favored days,  
The Master's kiss, the tear on down-cast eye.

O, this were sweet, but not thy harsh reproach!

The parting feel not half so much the pain,

As do the loving left by those they love.

And knowing this to be a sober truth,  
I grieve to see you left by one you love:

O, truly, I do grieve at parting thus.

*Fred Locke, '37.*

"I 'aven't 'ad a bite for days," said the tramp to the landlady of an English Inn, the George and Dragon. "D'you think yer could spare me one?"

"Certainly not," replied the landlady.

"Thank yer," said the tramp and slouched off. A few minutes later he was back.

"What d'yer want now?" asked the landlady.

"Could I 'ave a few words with George?" said the tramp.

## THE PROMISE OF THE PALM

"The sand cuts like the blade of Saladin," thought the dark-visaged gentleman in the flowing robe as he fought against the desert storm, which sought to overwhelm any traveler who dared to defy its power. The tiny human was but a speck, a dot, another grain of sand in the mighty desert. The brown dunes rolled out on all sides to the horizon, a hardly perceptible line declaring the junction of sky and sand. The eddying and whirling particles swept higher and higher in never-ending circles, blanketing out the red sun which hung limply over the brown-skinned wanderer. His throat was parched and stinging; his nostrils were flooded with the dry dust; his eyes burned under the continued assaults of the tempest; his tongue was swollen, black, filling up his mouth.

The natural sighing of the shifting sand had risen to a shriek. The wind flung itself about in mad gyrations, sweeping up sand as it went and seemingly wasting its pent-up fury on this poor human, who stumbled along in sand, into which his feet sank up to the ankles at every step. At times he fell, and the sand threatened to cover him entirely. But, realizing his danger, he always arose and plodded along again with the gale at his back.

With the direct suddenness with which it was introduced, the storm suddenly died away, and the sand slowly settled back. The color of the sun gradually changed until it poured its yellow beams down on the traveller like streams of liquid fire, it was no longer limp but had blossomed into full being again. "Which

is worse," he reflected, "the fiery sun, or the biting sand?"

He wished he had water. The cool, sparkling liquid began to beat into his brain. The billowing hillocks, nearly obscured by the dancing heat waves, impressed him as water, bubbling and gurgling in a spring. He howled with madness as the word pounded into his ears. Water, water—reviving, delicious water—water, clear and soothing, WATER! He stumbled and lay still on the soft ground. Moments he lay thus. Then, he stirred; he pulled himself to his knees; he staggered erect and pressed on with his eyes lowered. Time exasperatingly wore on.

Far to the right a dot of green appeared, a fragmentary glimpse of life in a barren waste before it retired behind a sand hill; but the lowered eyes beheld it not. Doggedly he forced his way ahead ever forward, forward. He left the dwindling morsel of green far in the rear as he stumbled on.

The sun, high in the sky for a long, long time, had begun to set rapidly. There began to appear shadows around the risings and fallings of the sandy terrain. The air seemed to promise a coolness.

Suddenly he raised his eyes; unbelieving, he shaded them with his dusty hand as he stared almost incredibly at the sight before him. Tall and stately, with a graceful lean, a palm slightly trembled in the evening breeze. The poor dumbfounded wretch savagely blinked and rubbed his eyes, but the image remained before them. Joyously he hurried



ahead, his dry lips vainly trying to form, "Water."

He did not notice, as he plunged madly forward, that the palm leaves

were faded and drooping, that the bark was withered and dry, that the roots were dead, that the oasis held nothing but false promise.

*David S. McNally, '37.*

---

C. E. E. B.

Question: What kind of animal is it that is white on top, brown underneath, and gets very warm in hot weather?

Answer: A wolf in sheep's clothing.

Q.: What kind of animal is it that has a long, stout tail, a pocket to carry its young in, and travels by hobbling?

A.: A lame kangaroo.

Q.: What kind of bird is it that caws, eats corn, and is blue?

A.: A sad crow.

Q.: What kind of bird is it that flies in a zigzag course, will attack an eagle on sight, and emits a cry that sounds something like "whoopee"?

A.: A drunken hummingbird.

Q.: What kind of fish is it that does not eat, does not swim, and stays very close to its fellow fishes?

A.: A canned sardine.

Q.: What kind of fish is it that resembles a large sturgeon, can swim as fast as a large sturgeon, but is only about half as long as a large sturgeon?

A.: A small sturgeon.

Q.: What kind of insect is it that is flat, has wings, but does not use them?

A.: A swatted fly.

Q.: What kind of insect is it that buzzes, flies around in a small circle, and is found around nuts?

A.: A bee in a bonnet.

Q.: What animal is it that has two legs, is sometimes black and white, and sometimes brilliantly colored?

A.: A Mickey Mouse.

*Wilfred X. Jean, '37.*





Last year, a school-teacher in Atlantic City raised his voice in a scathing invective against publisher William Randolph Hearst. Although unnoticed at the time, it started a deluge of articles and books on Hearst. Three Hearst biographies have appeared in the book marts recently: one, an authorized life-story called "William Randolph Hearst: American," by Mrs. Fremont Older; the other two, unauthorized, "Imperial Hearst: A Social Biography," by Ferdinand Lundberg; and "Hearst, Lord of San Simeon", by Oliver Carlson and Ernest S. Bates.

Mrs. Older's biography, being an authorized one, is naturally eulogistic. It splatters praise all over milord of San Simeon, defending everything he has done in his long and checkered career. Hearst's part in the Spanish-American War is described as "a patriotic endeavor in behalf of a terror-stricken people (Cuba)", which, somehow or other, smacks suspiciously of the epithets used by the publisher in his frequent editorials. Again, when the World War is being discussed, one fancies that the words are not of Mrs. Fremont Older ex-

clusively, but have been corrected very carefully in the fine Italian hand of Mr. Hearst. The book is an interesting one, however. It pleads for a fair consideration of Hearst's career, and, although it does not quite succeed, it gives an interesting picture of the man.

Quite different, naturally, are the other two biographies. They are unsparing criticism, mince no words and use no euphemisms. The book by Carlson and Bates is more hostile than the other; Lundberg's is a far better study of the publisher's character. Both, however, succeed in their purpose. Few people, after reading either of the two unauthorized biographies, can ever again read the Hearst papers, without remembering the personality behind them. One thing is evident: little that Hearst has done is to his credit. It is as a phenomenon that he must be considered, and not as representative of American journalism.

I most emphatically recommend the three Hearst biographies. They are interesting reading and they are frank, a virtue conspicuous in modern biography.

A. C.

## RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



Mar. 1. "The Humorous Aspects of Horace's Odes" was the subject of a talk at the Latin Club today. And can you guess who delivered it? Mr. Wenners! He claims that there are three phases of Horace's humor: the dry phase, the subtle phase, and the phase on the bar-room floor. But Mr. Wenners didn't realize the truth of the old maxim concerning the activities of mice during the cat's absence, for hordes of boys came scuttling down the stairs after 2:40 with nary a thought of being marked.

Mar. 12. A crank made much noise at the Camera Club today. Why don't they oil that moving-picture machine?

Mar. 13. The lower half of the school realized their ambitions today when they attended their last public declamation of the year. But our time will come.

Mar. 16. We learned the name of Untermeyer's greatest work at the Literary Club "Parodies Lost". The R. R. R. is not alone in questionable punning.

Mar. 17. Millet spoke to the Physics Club about the "Vacuum Tube." That reminds us of the time when one fifth-classman asked a science teacher whether light travelled in a vacuum, and received the reply: "Stick a flashlight in your mouth and see." Since then, he's never believed in science.

Mar. 18. Apologium. It has always been the custom of the R. R. R. to apologize for at least one thing he has written. We hereby apologize for never having had an apologium this year. You think it doesn't make sense, don't you? Well, it doesn't.

Mar. 19. White, who was born under the sign of the bull, Taurus to pieces with a talk on "Homer's Method" at the Math. Club.

Mar. 20. Shades of Omar the Tent-maker! The Department of Agriculture offers a prize of two broken plowhandles and a dead horse to the person bringing in the largest number of tent caterpillar eggs. . . . We finally found out what's worse than a giraffe with a sore throat and an elephant with a nose-bleed; it's a caterpillar with fallen arches. Anyway, here's a chance for some young pup to pitch in and canvass for the prize.

Mar. 23. Thought for the week: You can lead a girl to Vassar, but you can't make her think.

Mar. 24. Problem: Is it colder in Switzerland than in winter?

Mar. 25-27. Our personal records would indicate that there was no school on these days; but in reality, there were probably no bulletins.

Mar. 30. Pollard, of the Class of '35, returned (the glutton!) and told the Math Club how to find the volume of a frustrated pyramid and an exasper-

ated cone, and how to conjugate foci. He was writing so furiously that he went over the edge of the blackboard, onto the wall, out the door, and home.

April 1. Encouraged by his last month's success, our staff poet and logician, Dr. Osai Kan Usee, submitted this new masterpiece:

Alas, alas, it very woe:

We hat observe, on way to school,  
Such kick donate, oh pain to toe!

Beneath, large brick: it April Fool.

April 2. At last we have someone to play the piano in the hall. Just for a change, the Coin Club presented a bill including two bits by Nichols, "In a Monetary Garden" and "By the Banks of the Wabash." . . . . As a climax, Mr. Marnell coined a few words of praise for the Dramatic Club's impending presentation of "Journey's End." He was endeared forever in the hearts of his audience by his remark that what used to be the Latin School building later deteriorated into English High.

April 3. This month's query: What is the difference between a sixth-classman in December and one in April? Answer: One bolts through the door and runs for his lunch; the other bolts his lunch and runs for the door.

April 6. Mr. Carroll's new telescope certainly gives an excellent view of that Socony sign just behind Simmons. The price is ten cents per view. Please don't push in line.

April 7. Heard in the Library: "Are you done?"

April 13. We heard our class song today for the first time, or was it "I've Been Working on the Railroad?" . . . . Mr. Cheetham was carried away by his enthusiasm in conducting. In fact, he almost threw himself off the platform. . . . Heard in

the wings: "Well, so long! I'll be senior at Class Day."

April 17. One interesting feature at the Class Day exercises was the novel salute to the colors, which we believe has never before been performed in the history of the school. . . . The world premiere of the Latin School Stock Co.'s presentation of "Journey's End" took place today. The acting was so good that you could hear the excited breathing of the audience — or maybe that was Ober drinking. One particular scene amused us immensely. Seated at the table one of the characters asked the other, "What book is he reading there?" Whereupon the other immediately proceeded to pull a book out of his pocket and read it. Arf! Arf! (meaning "very funny").

April 19-27. Simply to make conversation, you know, we had a vacation this week. As usual, that forbidding looking bag of books wasn't even opened.

April 28. At the upper-class assembly, Dr. Gummere of Harvard told us the easiest way not to be admitted to that university. During his address, he remarked, "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me Latin."

April 29. Turetzky enlightened the Physics Club with his dissertation entitled "Fluorescence, or Why Fire-Flies Leave Home." . . . Today is Arbor and Bird Day. If you have any stray bird which you cannot control, come right up and give it to the R. R. R. He's been getting it all year, anyway.

April 30. Rosenberg told the Math. Club all about number systems. That's nothing new. The Debating Club, the prisons, and other penal institutions have thought of that long ago.



May 1. At Prize Drill, Fisher, Gillette, and Millet were crowned Queens of the May. . . . Captain Binder was there, too, minus his horse. The poor beast probably passed out under the weight of those boots. (The horse, that is.)

May 4. "Excavators in Asia Minor found in an ancient tomb the remains of six men with instruments resembling oboes buried beside them." Burkat, beware! . . . Bills were exhibited at the Coin Club today; but they were fairly safe from inadvertent borrowers — they were gas bills. Pooh! We've seen them before.

May 7. The banquet in honor of Mr. Henderson was a huge success, so far as we could see from behind that haze of smoke. (We thought somebody was smoking his shirt). A good time was had by all, under the genial leadership of the toastmaster-general, Mr. Dunn.

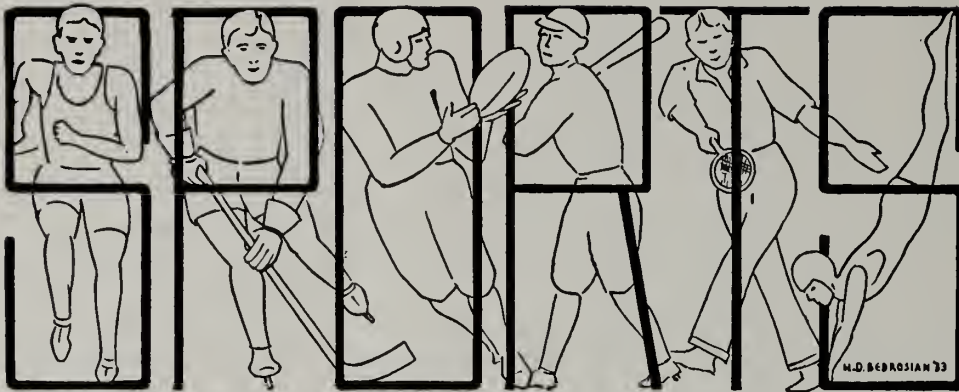
May 9. The whole school assembled outside for pictures of the Debating Club. After careful weeding, however, the organization appeared a mere shadow of its former self. Only half the school was included.

May 12. Although there was originally no mastergram worthy of this month's prize, a pair of collapsible plate-glass spectacles, it has finally been awarded to Mr. Henderson, be-

cause he has been trying so hard and because he promised to pass us in French for the month.

May 13. Well. All right boys; get ready with those tomatoes. In just one minute, we are going to come out from behind our keyholes. But before you fire, give us a chance to make a few acknowledgements: First, to Mr. Marson, many thanks for his tireless efforts to keep us in hand—and we mean it! To all those masters who contributed, wittingly or otherwise, to the material for this column, appreciation and sheepish grins, with hopes that they have taken all this in the spirit which it was meant. Individual thanks are no less due to Riesman, who threatens to foreclose the mortgage if we don't bestow them, for the jokes which he has submitted—they weren't so hot anyway; to Shektell, whose persistent attempts to learn our identity has delighted us; to Cantor, whose tolerant patience has enabled us to break many a deadline; to White, many thanks to White—whose constant and unselfish heckling has spurred us on to greater heights. And last, but not least, to you, dear readers, who have patiently read this column month after month (we hope) with untiring zeal, we give you many "thank-you's", bows, and the chance to—shoot!

*Thayer S. Warsaw*  
*Sumner E. Twetky*



### COMING-OUT PARTY

The Purple and White nine made an auspicious debut in the current season by pounding out an impressive 10-5 victory over Trade. Zolla, Dacey, and Bjorklund equally shared the pitching assignment with effectiveness.

Trade drew first blood in the third inning when Malone tripled with two on base. Malone later scored on a hit, to give Trade a three-run margin. Latin, however, was not to stay behind for long, as a deluge of bunts and errors in the fourth frame netted the home team seven runs, sufficient to win the ball game. Histen started the fireworks by beating out a bunt and then stole second. Shortly thereafter, Capt. McVey hit to short, but by virtue of a wild throw reached second, Histen scoring. Flanagan then followed suit by bunting and reaching second on a wild throw. On another bunt, this time by Sullivan, Wholey, the Trade pitcher, threw to third for a force play, which, however, was fruitless. Flanagan came home on Wholey's balk, and Sullivan soon put Latin in the lead by scoring on a wild pitch. "Danno" Dacey proved his worth as a hitter by smashing a triple into right field.

After Ginsburg had walked, Crowley singled through the pitcher's box, scoring Dacey and advancing Ginsburg to third. Ginsburg and Crowley scored runs number 6 and 7 when "Red" Tully smashed a two-bagger into the outfield. Thus ended what promises to be one of the most hectic innings that any ball club will play this year.

In the sixth inning, Latin made another run. McVey walked and scored on Catcher Flanagan's double.

In the sixth inning, with Tully on base, big "Bill" Histen, famed as a punt blocker, broke through again, this time parking the ball for a circuit blow far into the "daisies".

Bjorklund went in to pitch in the seventh inning, but before he was sufficiently warmed up, Trade sneaked over their last two tallies, a few scratch hits and loose fielding aiding the opponents.

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### HARVARD '39, 5; B. L. S., 2

Playing one of the finest games of the year seen on Soldiers Field, Latin held a decidedly superior Harvard freshmen team to a five to two score. This was a very notable achievement, as the freshmen, the best frosh team in Cambridge for years, has won

eighteen straight games, trampling the leading prep school teams in New England by one-sided scores.

Special recognition should be given to Brode Bjorklund for holding the slugging Harvard team to four hits while striking out eight. Four infield errors helped the freshmen immeasurably, as Latin outhit them eight to four. Flanagan was the big sticker for Latin, getting two out of four.

---

### B. L. S. 10; GROTON 5

In the annual game with Groton on May 6, Latin conquered that honorable school, ten to five. There was never any doubt as to what the outcome would be as the Purple and White took the lead in the early stages of the game. Noteworthy in Latin's triumph were three hits out of three by "Charley" Burns, "Bill" Histen's long two triples, and "Lefty" Kean's effectiveness in allowing no hits the three innings which he worked.

Burns singled with one out in the

first inning and went to second on an error. Histen then hit his first triple, scoring Burns, and then came home himself on McVey's single. Two more runs were marked up in the second and third frames.

Kean strolled to open the fourth and went on to third when two of his mates, Burns and Tully, were passed. Histen then grounded out, with Kean and Burns scoring. Another marker was made in the seventh, when Ginsberg reached second by means of an error, went to third on a sacrifice by Burns, and crossed the plate on a hard single by "Red" Tully.

The ninth saw three more runs registered, when Ginsberg again reached base on an error and ambled on to third when Burns made his third hit. Both were then driven in on Histen's second tremendous three-bagger to left field. Flanagan, keeping in spirit with the occasion, laced out a single, scoring "Bill". Keyes also singled and advanced a base when Higgins was walked. The inning ended with the bases loaded.

---

### QUESTION

"Hey, Professor! Professor, I'm Smith in your freshman English class . . . Professor, I need your help; it's like this: I bought two white mice and I'm mixed up on their names. First I named them Come and Get It, but that wasn't so good, so I changed their names to Once and Twice; so when people would say: 'Come here, little mouse,' I'd say, 'You have to call him 'Twice', and the other one 'Once'.' But now I've discovered that these can't be their names, because

when I first named them, and then changed their names, I had named them both twice. Now I can't call them both 'Twice', and I can't name either one 'Once', because I'd named them both once before. And I can't call one 'Once Before' and the other one 'Twice', because I'd already named both of them once before, and also twice. Now neither one comes when I call 'Once' and both come when I call 'Twice', and—Hey, Professor! Professor!"

*Wilfred X. Jean, '37.*



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All is not silence that is golden.

Burn your bridges when you come  
to them.

How far a little candle hides its  
light under a bushel!

Don't look a gift-horse in the  
mouth; you may have to take a bath.

Don't count your chickens while  
the iron is hot.

Too many cooks gather no moss.

A bird in the stomach is worth two  
from the audience.

Do unto others as you would  
squeeze blood from a stone.

You made your bed; now eat it.

Cast your bread upon the waters,  
and it will come to him who waits.

The pen is mightier than the  
mother of invention.

Still waters make the most noise.

An apple a day is the root of all  
evil.

Casting rolling stones before swine  
spoils the broth.

The pitcher that goes too early to  
bed and early to rise has big ears.

As the twig is bent, great elephants  
from little acorns grow.

When the mice are away, the bark-  
ing cat never bites.

And, speaking of mice, the next  
time you are in a reckless mood, ask  
your English teacher this: "If the  
plural of 'mouse' is 'mice', should not  
the plural of 'house' be 'hice'?"

*Ralph W. Alman, '38.*

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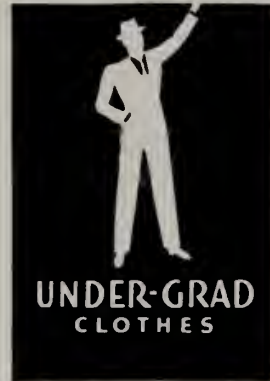
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